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MIST AT MORN.

Belts of woodland circling around
Luxuriant masses of green,
Zone after zone of rolling mist
Wavering up between.

Zephyrs dancing down through its depths,
While the sweep of their dresses whirl
The rolling mist in a thousand
Eddies of graceful curl.

Like him who dipt in the Lydian stream,
The morning beams bathe in the mist;
Like him, turning to molten gold
The vapory aerocyst.

Marshaled in many columns, the mist
Resists the attack of the sun;
Down he comes with his golden lance,
Driving them one by one.

Backward they glide, upward they roll,
Dissolve in the ambient air;
The sun is victor—holds the world—
His beams are everywhere.

Belts of woodland circling around
Luxuriant masses of green;
Gone are the zones of rolling mist
That wavered up between.

In joy I beheld thee, twined in a wreath,
Each flower in the garland perfumed by thy breath.
Dew drops in clusters, gems of the morning.
Shedding their lustres, their flowerets adorning.

IGNATIUS F. ZIRCHER, '97.

THE OPERA AND THE DRAMA.

The assertion of Wagner that all the arts could be blended in the musical drama or opera and form "one splendid and complex organ of expression fitted so closely about the soul of man as to become the very Aeolian harp upon which the breath of life could freely play," has not been realized even in his own operas; but being the utterance of a genius of marvelous inventive and comprehending capacity, it merits consideration. This it has indeed received from musical and dramatic writers, some of whom have been generous in giving their approval, while others have been equally ready to condemn. At present the opinion of musical critics is held to be unfavorable, mainly because the most eminent now living, first among whom is Ed. Hanslick, belong to the school of opposition, which originated as soon as Wagner broached his system and theories.

For an elementary understanding of the controversy, we may inquire into the nature of music and speech, for these two attainments of man are mainly concerned. The accessory (scenic) arts of mimicry or gesture, dance, decoration, etc., do not vitally effect the question. One may note the peculiarities of the drama and the opera, their similarities and differences. In order to have more tangible objects of comparison, we may have in mind the operas of Wagner, which are till now the only true exponents of his views, and the dramas

of Shakespeare, which are more characteristically dramatic than those of other nations, even without considering their general worth as portraits of man's nature, as a treasury of gems of rhetoric, and a store-house of wisdom.

With the Greeks, music was the general appellation for all the arts of the Muses. As a term for the art which employs sound for the expression of the beautiful, it is used only since the Christian era. Music is primarily the expression of the emotional and lyrical elements of man in the same degree as speech is the expression of the intellect, and painting of fancy. But there is scarcely a thought without feeling, nor an emotion without thought, and fancy, too, is the daughter of thought and feeling; neither can, therefore, be expressed without being associated with the other. Music for this reason also expresses thought, but not so well as speech, which again is not so effective an organ of emotion as music. It is evident, that the art which combines the different mode, of expression in one organ is the most perfect and most worthy of the attention and care of men. Wagner claims that music in the opera is capable of accomplishing this.

In comparing the opera with the drama, our attention is first called to technique and theme. The technique of the drama is, as is well known, not absolute, though some of the fundamental laws of dramatic production will never be changed. This is also the case with the opera. "Faust" with five acts is not on that account inferior or superior to "Flying Dutchman", or any other of

Wagner's plays with three acts. Unless they present exceptional possibilities for song or other forms of musical composition, episodes or minor scenes are reluctantly employed in the opera. The reason for this lies with the theme. The opera prefers a subject of plastic unity and simplicity, concentrating the action on certain important and decisive points. The explanatory scenes are not needed, because the plot of an opera is not so intricate as that of a drama, nor is the crisis brought about by a gradual ascent. The introduction of Wagner's operas contains more of the exciting force of a dramatic action than the introductory scenes of Shakespeare. The preludes of the former are very much superior to the familiar Overtures of the old Italian and French school, but they can do no more than prepare the listener for some of the impressions to be conveyed in the opera by indicating a few of the typical phrases (Leitmotive) and hinting at the general coloring of the piece. No definite idea can be expressed, because of the vagueness of music. The scenes, then, following are but little different in intensity and importance, but each contributes to intensify the emotions, and the climax is attained, not so much by one tragic occurrence in one of the last scenes, than by a succession of exciting emotions throughout the performance. Wagner uses purely mythical themes, because, as he says, these only "comprehend the purely human portion of an age or nation, in a form thoroughly concentrated and intelligible." But we may ask, can such a subject, not approaching reality in the least, be so effective a

teacher and guide of man as the drama which presents every phase of real life?

We may now compare the modes of expression in the drama and opera, and the relative power of each to produce strong effects and general impressions. Here we meet with an essential difference. It is the office of both to convey psychological truths, and music as the organ of emotion is a more faithful mirror of the soul than speech, and can therefore best reveal the deeply tender and ever rippling motion of the soul as well as the surging, seething and tempestuous life and passions within man. No other art knows so well how to echo the vibrations of the tender chords of joy and sadness. From the child's joy of innocence to the exultations of a victorious army, and from the tender feeling of pity to the anguish of despair, every throb of gladness or sorrow is conveyed in a manner different from that of speech. In hearing a sad or joyful story related our thoughts move our heart to corresponding feelings, but music communicates itself to the soul directly and affects the mind but reflectively. In viewing a painting or listening to a speech, we do not surrender ourselves as freely and as wholly to the effect as we do when under the influence of music. Certain moods of thought and feeling can be especially well presented by music; and in this the opera has a decided advantage over the drama. The time in which a piece of music is written, alone expresses a mood better than the rhythm of poetry. The *Largo*, *Adagio*, or *Presto* of music can not be equaled by the poet's skill in rhythm.

No spoken drama produces the intensely keen and passionate emotions which a music-drama imparts, nor does the general effect of the former approach the intensity, scenic splendor, and irresistible force of the latter. The excess of feeling which the singers are at times powerless to express, is conveyed with increased vehemence by the orchestra. On men of musical training or of natural musical susceptibilities it produces a lasting reverie of the senses, which is not hurtful but favorable to the healthy development of heart and mind. The music of the opera, though it be sensuous, does not minister to the gross qualities of the mind or heart; it imparts a refinement more delicate and deep than the culture acquired by reading. The passions which it evokes are only strong in their lyrical elements. The opera is, therefore, evidently superior to the drama in expressing the inner motives of an action, and the feelings which it produces.

It now only remains to consider, whether the action itself can be best shown by the aid of music and whether self-reflections, dialogues, etc., which are almost entirely devoid of emotion, can be properly presented when invested with music.

Here we find first that the action is unduly hampered by the singing, even when this is in the recitative form, which Wagner has brought to great perfection. A calm, dignified, and unreserved or pathetic demeanor is, indeed, quite possible, but the excited, vehement, and rude behavior which manifests itself in violent gest-

ures and quickly changing attitudes cannot be tolerated in the opera.

As regards self-reflections, which are so often met with and are almost a necessary feature of the drama, if it be intended to describe man truly, they are found in the opera in the form of dreams that are at once sufficiently natural and dramatic and very well fitted to be related in song. But the philosophical musings of Hamlet, for instance, could, of course, not be expressed in music. And if they could be set to music it would take a genius like Wagner to understand it; and such are unhappily—or happily—very few. The dramatic dialogue is well expressed by Wagner's duets. The trios and quartets of the older operas were written only for the sake of the music. But not all dialogues of a drama are sufficiently dramatic to allow an effective and realistic rendition in music. How, for instance, could the talk of the tradesmen in the introductory scene of "Julius Caesar" be rendered in music? But this is a very good introduction to the drama, acquainting us with the Roman populace. Any one with but little knowledge of music will admit that none of the Shakespearean dramas, with the exception of "Romeo and Juliet", could be the libretto for an opera. Every true drama can therefore not be associated with music.

But we must on that account not underestimate the importance and the capabilities of the opera. As a work of art and an output of genius, Wagner's operas are not much inferior

to Shakespeare's dramas. They are model dramas indeed, but as their theme lies in the realm of the strange and the marvelous, they can not so well represent the "world on the boards", which to do is the office of the spoken drama. To express in melody and accord a libretto which Wagner himself composed and which alone is a master-piece of the poet's and the dramatist's art, is certainly a mark of transcendent genius.

If the Greeks of classic times had continued to improve in music and the drama, they would to-day find the most instruction and satisfaction in the music-drama. But to us, who find delight in seeing the ingenuity of men in the attainment of their wishes depicted rather than the emotions and passions which precede or accompany a desire, deed, or event, the drama is of more interest. We prefer to study characters which represent men or classes of men in actual life rather than heroes sprung from the idealist's brain that are but types of mankind in general. But we should not neglect the opera, for it provides us the highest epic and lyric enjoyment of a romantic event. It refines, softens, and expands mind and heart as no other art can do; it gives us a thorough knowledge of the life within man; and, what should also be of importance to all, it affords an insight into the world of music which is a garden of delights, where one may find satisfaction and instruction in the enjoyment of the greatest of arts.

ARNOLD F. WEYMAN, '97.

A DEATH-BED SCENE.

I fain would pass it by,
But the thoughts in my memory made
By his curse, the resounding death-sigh,
Are deeply—forever inlaid.
'T was the death-bed scene of a sinner cold.
Who had sold himself, like Judas of old,
For a paltry sum of paltry gold.
The spectre of death with his icy hand,
And satan approaching with fiery wand,
Clutched the sinner in hopeless remorse.
Foretasting eternity's fears,
He shrieked with madness and tears,
As his loathsome visionary years
Did haunt his memory:
"Oh, terrible! a wasted life!
Two score and ten of earthly strife,—
Then vanquished and ensnared!
O for the ne'er-returning time—
Precious it was—but wasted in crime,—
That lies in the dreadful past;—
The past to be revealed,
The past that never is concealed."
Then he raved as wild, the demons he fought;
And began again with the awful thought:
"I stand at eternity's brink,
Life's burden is nearly o'er,
But oh! for myself—I sink
To the flaming abyss,—to Hell's very floor!
Too late, alas! do I see
My folly, too late to repent!
Away with your hope,—
There is no hope for a life misspent,
But the terrors of loss and despair!
Cursed my life, thrice cursed my death
For which I did never prepare!
To satan belongs my dying breath;—
A curse for my dying pray'r!"
With this he expired, but a lesson he taught
In the death that his wasted life had bought.
And that death-bed scene, and that death-bed pray'r
I can never forget till my dying day;
It reminds me that life is but fleeting and short,
And sooner or later must pass away.

J. B. F.

A VIGNETTE OF THE SOUTHERN HILLS.

Thrown down on the sunny slope of a Kentucky hill with a picturesque disregard of symmetry, was the hut of "Old Jones." It appeared very much like a tub, and quite appropriately, too, for in it dwelt a modern Diogenes. I first saw him when engaged in the gentle art of fishing. Reclining on a bed of mosses grown in between the roots of a spreading tree, he had the air of dignified laziness about him, which some one has styled, "The careless stillness of a thinking mind."

At intervals he roused himself sufficiently to cast a side-long glance at his cork floating placidly amid the sedges of a passing brook. A cunning little squirrel, safely billeted in the interlacing branches of a huge elm, was vainly endeavoring to engage him in a game of peek-a-boo. The heavy stillness of a summer noon hung over the forest. Even the birds in the leaves were quietly "laid in their noon-day dreams."

After bidding him the time of day, I inquired the distance to the village.

"'Bout a mile to the corners, I reckon," was his laconic answer. Finding him quite as taciturn as his cynical namesake, I pushed on to "the corners," where a typical company was assembled at the village store.

The only chair in this establishment was occupied by a pompous old gentleman, whose oracular observations on the weather, crops, and other

vital topics were received in solemn silence by the gaping rustics.

This individual was very reticent at my first advances, but after I had told him that Colonel Ball was my host and that Kentucky mountain-dew was a prime article he became quite communicative. Assured of my position in his good graces, I ventured a few questions concerning "Old Jones," to all of which he gave lengthy answers, finally asking me to be on hand early the next morning, when we might see Jones at work.

This work was of necessity done at night, since he was of that class known as "moon-shiners." Forty years had this patriarch of the mountains escaped the authorities, and many were the tales of his prowess that circulated among the mountain dwellers.

Before dawn on the following day my friend of the village store and myself were threading our way along a narrow path at the bottom of a ravine that led to the moon-shiner's cave. Suddenly the loud report of a rifle echoed up and down the glen. While dashing around a spur of the mountain, a sight in strange contrast with its peaceful surroundings met our view.

The moonshiner was slowly sinking down at the foot of a beetling rock; a revenue officer, his rifle still smoking, was at his side. He hastily improvised a pillow from our coats for the dying veteran, in recognition of which he smiled faintly.

"Poor Old Jones," sighed my friend, "he's got ter pass in his checks at last."

"Yep, an' with his boots on, too," added the

officer with a touch of pathos.

A dull vermilion glow crept over the top of the mountain opposite us, and lighted up the face of the dying man.

"I don't keer far the takin' off," he gasped, but it goes powerfully against the grain ter have it done by one 'o them varmint." Slowly he sank back, while we all stood silently around him.

"Old Jones" had shuffled off his mortal coil.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

Perusing the classical novel "Last Days of Pompeii," we find the assertion of the author, Bulwer-Lytton, verified: "The past lives again when we look upon its emotion." The main story, around which all incidents, intrigues, and self-reflections cluster, is a love affair between Glaucus, a lively young man of exquisite social and poetical qualities, and Ione, a maiden of great modesty, purity, and mental capacities, who had both left their dear fatherland, Greece, to spend some time at Pompeii.

The person most closely connected with the changing fortune of Glaucus is Nydia, the sympathetic blind flower-girl, the typical female character of oriental nations, who, like the elves and fairies in poetry, is employed to lubricate the machinery of the plot. If in her whimsical foolishness she once caused Glaucus mental disturbance,

she also bitterly regretted her folly, saved him from death and led him and his spouse safely through the wear and tear of thronging disasters at the awful catastrophe of Pompeii's destruction. Her character is well drawn and the struggles of her soul are unfolded in an excellent manner, but her final fate is harsh and repulsive. Divine Providence seems to be ignored in the delineation of her weary life and dreary death.

Scarcely has the fire of love begun to flicker in the bosoms of Glaucus and Ione, when Arbaces, the absolute master of heathenish craft and magical powers, used his utmost energy to cut the bond of mutual affection. He, the despotical governor of pagan rites, the promoter of absurdest superstitions, the deceiver of upright souls yearning for truth and eternal salvation, the most diabolical of perverted characters, meets his doom while threatening them on their tiresome way to the shores. The earth opened and engulfed this monster of wickedness. His complicated character is, indeed, a masterpiece of genius. On the whole, the different persons who are brought before our mind in this novel live and act in such a way as to present "the human passions and the human heart, whose elements in all ages are the same." The descriptions of ancient city life and pictures of degrading customs of levity, of moral decline, and heathenish superstition are not so well rendered.

As the subject of the novel entertains, so does the masterly style delight the reader; it abounds with appropriate figures and is nicely interspersed with pithy sayings. It is a characteristic of Lytton's

to create melo-dramatic situations. A poetical spirit peeps through every page. Now and then it appears in the form of rhyme, as in the hymn of the Nazarenes, which is sung while nature threatens the ruin of Pompeii:

“Around-about-forever near thee
God—our God—shall mark and hear thee;
On His car of storm He sweeps;
Bow ye heavens, shrink ye deeps;
Woe to the proud ones who defy Him;
Woe to the dreamers who deny Him;
Woe to the wicked, woe;
The proud stars shall fail,
The sun shall grow pale—
The heavens shrivel up like a scroll—
Hell’s ocean shall bare
Its depths of despair,
Each wave on eternal soul;
For the only thing then
That shall not live again
Is the corpse of the giant Time. Etc.”

The few but very harsh discrepancies in this novel are first the impertinence of the long personal reflections, and, secondly, the fanatic representation of the early Christians whose imputed demeanor seems rather ridiculous than edifying. History tells us, and every good Christian knows, that the enthusiasm of the early Christians was indeed not an offspring of fanaticism, but of sound reason and sincere piety. This the author fails to express—perhaps failed to perceive. With the exception of these faults, “Last Days of Pompeii” is a master-piece of classical novels.

If “Last Days of Pompeii” brings the ancient people so vividly before our eyes that we see and

hear them in their daily walks, if it discloses the phenomena of the past and unrolls the exciting scene of the glowing and glaring Vesuvius vomiting lava, fire, and consternation, while the earth raging with unintelligent fury shakes and shatters the feeble plans of men and groaning destruction devours the opulent cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii; if all this is given in a graphic and masterly style, it will surely please the majority of readers, whose natural tendency it is to sympathize with the affairs of their fellow-men.

VIGILIUS H. KRULL, '98.

HOME.

Whene'er my mind in feeling flits
Across the mighty Ocean,
Where parents, brothers, sisters, friends,
With love and kind emotion
Remember me,
I hope with glee
To cross anew the briny foam
And breathe the air of my sweet home.

Dear is the land of liberty
With which I am befriended,
Nor is less dear that home to me
Where first my walks I wended;
Where first I played
And sang and prayed,
And learned my easy work to ply
Beneath my parents' watchful eye.

O home, sweet home, thou fill'st my heart
With fondest recollections!
Thou join'st the souls that far apart—
Indulge in self-reflection,
Thou cheer'st the mind
To gloom inclined.
Thou helps the weary traveler speed,
And prompts the youth to noble deed.

V. H. K.

WITH NATURE.

THE greater part of vacation already belonged to the past. I had returned from a western trip and was just deliberating with myself where and how to spend the remaining weeks, when I received a letter from Louis Dorade, a warm friend of mine, inviting me to come and enjoy with him such pleasures as the company of a friend and his rural environments might offer. Joyously accepting the invitation, I was with him after a few days.

Louis had been raised in a populous city where his parents still reside. But a rich uncle of his possessing an idyllic country-home in western Michigan near the lake shore, Louis usually spent the summer months with him. As an admirer of nature's beauties, my friend greatly enjoyed this season. We two scored many a pleasant hour, while sitting on the shore patiently trying to ensnare the playful inhabitants of the watery deep. We drew from its heaving bosom many a savory trout allured by the voluptuous bait.

Often, too, we roamed through field and forest, enjoying to the full the pure pleasures thus afforded. One afternoon Louis and myself, mounted as usual on our wheels, were spinning away towards a grove in the vicinity, which the caprice of my friend had termed the poets' Lyceum. On reaching the grove we went straightways to our delightful retreat, where we had often spent a pleasant hour. It was a shady nook near which a babbling brook, as it

tripped along over numberless pebbles, seemed to hold conversation with the twittering birds. As we selected a commodious seat on a mound covered with a rich fleece of greensward, Louis, on beholding some humble flowerets which burdened the air with their scent, gently severed one from its slender stem and pinned it to his sweater, even, as it seemed, to his very heart. But, as if immediately regretting this cruelty, "poor thing," he apostrophized it, "that thus I must destroy thy tender life."

"You are indeed in close touch with nature," observed I, much amused with his act and words. With these words I touched in Louis' heart a chord ever reverberating and most resonant.

"Your observation," he said smiling, "may not be untrue. I do profess to be a lover of nature. No one not in the same circumstances can imagine the pleasure it affords me to escape from the city, this veritable prison house of nature, and enjoy the feast which she has always prepared in a spot like this."

"Bravo! Precisely my sentiments. Let me tell you, Louis, I've lived in a city only three weeks; but, by George! if I did not yearn to see again the mountain and river and grove and field."

"Do you think", observed Louis, "that all city folks experience these same feelings?"

"Ha, ha! I should smile. I once expressed my thoughts on these matters to a gentleman, whom I judged most capable of sharing my sentiments. Shall I tell you his answer? He pictured city life as the acme of human happiness, as to

the beauties of nature as experienced in the country he spoke—well, what shall I say?"

"Say, like a man born blind might lecture on the blending of colors in the rainbow, or like the untutored Indian would speak of the value of gold."

"To the point," I answered. "Those that never tasted nature's ambrosia have no longing to partake of her sumptuous banquets. But for one of us to become enamored of city life, no. Just think of it. Never once to see a sun rise, never to feel a pleasure like that one experiences on beholding a sun-set on a mountain or in an open plain!"

"More still", my friend added. "Taking a special interest in the sublime study of astronomy, I contemplate the heavens every evening. But *proh pudor!* d'you think a person is able to distinguish the constellations? It must be an exceptionally clear sky, else those numberless chimneys vomiting forth their thick volumes of smoke all day long will render the atmosphere too misty for such observations."

"It is not saying too much to affirm that in the city nature has lost her rights", I resumed. "Her gentle voice is drowned in the din and noise of business. The incessant rattle of car and coach, the constant noise of horses and carriages, the unceasing din from the factories, the uninterrupted clamor of bells, the unmelodious cadences of persevering sellers lauding their articles of traffic, the continual exclamations and vociferations of the news-boy, the perpetual bustle of the motley crowd stirring in the streets,—in short, this monotonous

variety that goes to make up the hurly-burly of city life renders it impossible for nature to make her presence felt; she is ostracized."

"*Ita est*", said my friend, who had some Latin at his disposal. "Very often when I sit in my room on the third floor, thinking of the pleasures I have experienced in this lovely spot, I hear the wind as it passes through the slats of my window-blinds produce an unpleasant mournful sound; and every time I must imagine it's the voice of nature thus bewailing her being more and more ignored and banished."

"A similar fancy has often flashed across my mind. When I hear the wind whistle and howl I love to imagine that some proud oak offers its majestic crown as resistance; but inevitably it turns out to be the angry voice of nature enraged at finding her passage blockaded by some artificial obstruction, some new building of gigantic dimensions or another monstrous chimney destined to contribute toward rendering the city atmosphere still less pure and clear."

"To all this must be added," my friend continued, "that city people thus debarred from communion with nature render life still more artificial in consequence of the novel which is greedily devoured and which constitutes the principal, nay often their only, intellectual nourishment. They imagine such a nineteenth century novel to be convertible into a real life-history, and accordingly go to work to formulate their daily actions after a nicely sketched artificial plan with preconcerted plot and

all that to it—and the consequence is the artificial man.”

“Only too true”, I admitted. “No wonder, then, that nature is unknown in the city. You see none of her beauties displayed, you hear none of the numberless birds that convert the groves and mountains into so many concert-halls, you know not the fragrance of shrubs and flowers and crops which render nature’s favorite spots enchanting, in a word, you—”

“*Ma foi*”! Louis exclaimed in his mother tongue, “you ought to lecture on ‘Citiners and Criticism’ or some such topic. It would outdo—”

“Outdo not even your own assertions”, I completed.

“Well, at any rate”, was my friend’s reply, “we may thank our stars that our conversation is not overheard by any lover of city life; else we two might in all probability be ostracized together with Dame Nature. After all, city folks are not as estranged from nature as we would now make them. Many hold even close communication with her. Take myself for example—and don’t forget that I belong to this respectable fraction of human society. I admire nature’s bards and daily read some of their productions with more genuine pleasure than ever lover experienced at the perusal of a billet-doux. Carlyle has said, ‘We are all poets when we read a poem well.’ Do you read Wordsworth?”

“Hm, as if I didn’t! You mean to say that he is one of those favorite sons of nature?”

“Exactly. Ah! those pictures of rural scenery,

those sweet sounds of the shepherd's reed, those soft strains of the Aeolian harp, that reach our ears as we turn his pages."

"And these numberless exquisite figures borrowed from nature and so happily applied to every situation and every incident of human life!"

At this Louis actually produced "The Excursion," which he carried with him. We read many of its beautiful passages, and then when Phoebus had almost finished his course, we mounted our wheels with the understanding that our next conversation should be about the beauties of nature and rural life as pictured in that poem.

DIDACUS BRACKMANN, '98.

MUSING.

I mind me of a time that's past
When life was but a gladsome song.
Ah me 'twas too great joy to last,
Yet still for those sweet days I long.

Doleful as a rushy lea,
Sad as the gulls that haunt the sea,
The present is a load to me.
Ah! that the future would prove to be
A kind, a sweet relief to me.

But vague is the future, to me it seems
As dim as the shadowy music of dreams,
Weary of the present, of the future weary,
The past be my soul's sanctuary.

T. P. T. '99.

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EDITORIALS.

With the approach of winter we are reminded of indoor exercises and amusements. We should give as much attention to them as to out-door sports, for both serve almost the same purpose. The military drills, too, are an excellent exercise of the body and they should therefore be cheerfully attended.

Our Alumni should not fail to send bits of news regarding themselves and their surroundings to the Collegian. We are pleased to publish a communication from any one of our former students; it will be interesting and welcome to their friends, to whom, in fact, they owe this token of regard and remembrance. We may assure them that their teachers and friends at College have not forgotten them.

The rejoinder of the CHURCH PROGRESS to an editorial in our October issue was a little more moderate and sensible than its first criticism of the expression "Protestant Church", which occurred in our journal. It retreated a long distance in the defence of its position in appealing to the documents that emanated from the ancient Church. To conclude from an expression which is popularly used, but does not occur in the official documents of the Church, that the writer in the COLLEGIAN has little or no knowledge of religion, would be the same as denouncing the men who edit the excellent Catechisms and Church Histories, in which this phrase occurs, as ignoramuses who do not know their catechism. But for the aspersion cast on the religious character of the Rev. Faculty by the insinuation that religion has no tight hold on the institution, we should never have suspected the CHURCH PROGRESS of malice, especially not since it bears the marks of sincerity and justice in every one of its columns.

The curfew has of late been introduced into

several towns and smaller cities, and we know of but few places where it was rejected when proposed. Without wishing to discuss the rights of parents and the duties of the state, which we are not in any way qualified to do, it may be observed that curfew ordinances are one of the restraints which people in former times thought necessary for the welfare of children, but which were contemptuously discarded by a later generation. Young folks should be allowed to move freely, but where children have ample play grounds as is the case in smaller towns, there is no reason why they should not be made to stay at home in the evening. If the abuse of a thing outweighs the benefit it should not be permitted. Staying on the streets in the evening cannot but harm the young. This is the only time which parents may leisurely spend with their children in the sitting room, reading and conversing with them as was the custom of former times. These happy hours are never forgotten; this is a home influence which refines and educates; filial love and respectful conduct toward parents are inculcated on these occasions; and what is equally important, the opportunities of becoming familiar with vice and crime are much lessened. If some parents do not know or appreciate all this, let them be reminded of it in public. A motion to introduce the curfew should be made in all cities and towns. If local conditions make the law undesirable, the people have at least the benefit of a debate on the question, which may call their attention to some things that are now neglected in the home-circle.

EXCHANGES.

The CHIMES for November contains many a nice thing, none more so than the new exchange column. Now that' the managers of the paper have sinned against the lights that guided them in other years, we would suggest as another innovation to place the names of the editors in the usual place above the editorials. Some curious people would like to know "who 's running the thing anyway."

On looking over the October ST. VINCENT'S JOURNAL we were almost constrained to exclaim with the puzzling prince of Denmark, "Alas, poor Yorick!" Not that the journal is in so sad a plight so the aforesaid Yorick, but because it is not near as brilliant as it was once upon a time. The editorials are still good, as is also the plea which regards the establishment of a Catholic daily as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

We should like to congratulate the SCHOLASTIC on the promptness and regularity of its weekly visits, had not the exchange editor in a Narcissian mood made the duty unnecessary. Other features which render the SCHOLASTIC a thing of beauty are the breezy bits under the heading of 'Varsity Verse and the excellent fooling of the Local Column. "Garret Reveries" is a piece of writing whose merit lies more in the manner of telling than in any picturesqueness of incident. In another number there appeared a little hint at the

plot entitled "Strategy," written in a rambling style admirably well suited to the odd character of the tale. A knack for reeling off these happy bits of fiction is no mean attainment, and most of the SCHOLASTIC story-tellers possess it. Incidents told in this manner please mightily when contrasted with cumbersome attempts at heavy parts.

The formidable garb of the ABBEY STUDENT at first nonplused us, but we soon recognized the inspirations in ink of several former acquaintances. However much we should be inclined to differ from the exchange editor's policy of devoting more space to the faults than the virtues of his fellows (which may occur but this once), we greatly admire the ability and rugged honesty displayed in his column (Mathes). A very erudite article on "Gustavus Adolphus," descriptive of the man and his attitude toward contemporaries pleased us in more ways than one. Unless the writer of a short biography be something more than the coiner of felicitous sayings, he is pretty certain to treat his subject in a theatrical manner, which leaves no impression of enduring vitality. Mr. Bebber happily goes about his work in the right way. Mr. Mohan's incisive and comprehensive reflections on the lights and rush-lights of present day literature commends itself strongly to all interested in the subject. The expression "to pamper to" is not recognized by the dictionary or by good usage. "Pray you, avoid it," Mr. Editor in Chief.

TOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

BOOK NOTES.

Our Boys' and Girls' Annual for 1898. Price 5 cents each. Contains stories by Father Finn and Miss Dorsey, and other stories, puzzles, games, etc., with many pretty pictures.

COBBET'S HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION. Popular edition. Price 50 cents net in cloth binding, or 25 cents in paper.

This remarkable history written by a Protestant at a time (1824-1827) when the religious and popular feelings of England were hardly less prejudiced against the Catholic religion and its persecuted and despised adherents than during the reign of Queen Bess, bears the imprint of a genius whose sincerity, humanity, and justice are not less obvious than his clear knowledge of facts and conditions. His language is very forcible and eloquent. He burns with indignation in denouncing the calumnies and abuse which Protestants were heaping upon the Catholics. Nor is he less vigorous in condemning the Reformation which, as he says, was "engendered in lust, brought forth in hypocrisy and perfidy, and cherished and fed by plunder, devastation, and by rivers of innocent English and Irish blood." He describes the baneful results, religious and political, and realizes the motive which prompted the Reformation and which cause people of learning and high standing to support it and abuse the Catholics. The work leaves a powerful impression on the mind and is a

valuable history, since his statements are mainly correct. The present edition has been revised, enriched with notes, and has a preface by the distinguished Benedictine scholar, Very Rev. Francis A. Gasquet.

ROMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

The following bit of news which I translate from the *VOCE DELLA VERITA* of this city, and a few explanatory remarks may be of some interest to the readers of *THE COLLEGIAN*.

An entertainment was held the other day at Albano, in honor of St. Louis of Anjou, whose centennial has been celebrated this year. The entertainment took place at St. Paul's Church, of the Missionary Priests of the Precious Blood; the occasion being the distribution of prizes to the students C. PP. S. Monsignor Valbonesi, the Vicar General of the Bishop, distributed the premiums in presence of many prelates and distinguished personages, among whom the V. Rev. Father Aloysius Biaschelli, Superior General of the Missionaries, and the chief promoter of the centenary celebration.

After an applauded introductory speech by the Rev. President, several beautiful poems, in Latin and Italian, were recited in honor of St. Louis, the special patron of His Holiness Leo XIII.

This entertainment, during which select music was rendered by the students, was an evidence of their proficiency in the study of science, as well as

in the art of song.

It may be a surprise for Americans to read that a meeting of this kind was held in a church. But it is not the first time that an *Accademia* (as these literary and musical entertainments are called here) takes place in a house of worship. This happens also, and I may say more especially at Rome, where spacious halls for large assemblies are indeed not wanting. People are so much accustomed to assist at such meetings in a church, particularly in this city, that no one seems to find it objectional in the least. In reality, the songs rendered, the poetry recited, and the very manner in which the premiums are distributed, the good order and propriety with which the audience attends, impart to the pleasantly passing event a sort of sacred intonation.

Churches have also been used of late, outside of Rome for other meetings of Catholics, in which timely subjects of economy and social interests were incidentally treated and discussed. The reason of this must be largely sought in the fact that it is difficult on the one hand to find a hall which could accommodate the whole assembly, and on the other, because the houses of worship are considered as places of refuge, the Catacombs, as it were, of the present day in Italy, where the action of Catholics outside of the Church is checked under the pretext that it contains a danger for the country. Experience has taught that the meetings held in public halls are apt to be disturbed by the enemies of every Catholic movement. Consequently, it has been deemed safe to assemble in the churches, no

matter whether the subject treated or the resolutions adopted are of a strictly religious or secular nature. Just now the authorities with a view of counteracting the religious movement have instructed their dependents to watch these meetings more closely, and to dissolve them as soon as they have any reason to judge that the speeches and actions assume the air of a revolutionary or anti-patriotic spirit.

Among the distinguished personages who attended the entertainment at Albano was the able editor of the *Osservatore Romano*, the official daily paper of the Vatican, who previously treated the students to a brief but splendid speech, which elicited many applauses.

The Very Rev. Superior General, Father Biaschelli, deserved a special mention on this occasion with the subject of the entertainment: St. Louis of Anjou. This youthful saint was born in 1274. He renounced earthly crowns which his royal descent had in store for him; he first became a humble Franciscan friar, but was soon created Bishop of Boulouse in France. He died at the age of only twenty three. This saint is the special patron of our present pope, because through St. Louis' intercession the father of Leo XII, Count Louis Pecci, was born, wherefore he bore his name, and ever since there has always been a member of the Pecci family, named after this saint.

It was to honor the Holy Father and the saint that Father Biaschelli promoted special celebrations which were held at Rome and also at Carpineto, the birthplace of the Pope. On one of

these occasions Cardinal Satolli preached a magnificent panegyric. It was fitting that the students C. PP. S. echoed the sentiments of their Superior General, and contributed their little share to honor this admirable and youthful saint on the joyful occasion of receiving public encouragement to pursue their studies with new ardor. J. S.

ROME, Oct. 20, 1897.

SOCIETIES.

MARIAN SODALITY.—Sunday, Nov. 7th the sodality convened in the college chapel where the members were addressed by the Rev. Moderator, Father Benedict, who in a few words explained to the new students the aims of the sodality and enumerated the spiritual benefits accruing from membership. He requested such new comers as wish to become sodalists to signify their attention to any of the prefects of the sodality. The following were then appointed as officers: Prefect, Felix Thos. Seroczynski; Ass't. Prefects, Wm. Hoerdman, Theodosius Brackmann; Secretary, Herman Fehrenbach.

C. L. S.—It must be candidly admitted that the Columbians were very happy in electing the following staff of officers; Pres., Didacus Brackmann; Vice Pres., Vigilius Krull; Sec., Placidus Sailer; Treas., Frank Kuenle; Critic, Thomas P. Travers; Marshal, Edmund Ley; Editor, Faustin Ersing, Ex. Committee, Vincent Muinch, Felix Thos. Seroczynski, Urban Frenzer.

A commendable feature of the election was the nomination speeches, usually a much neglected affair; at the last meeting they were thought-provoking and delivered most happily. In each there was an epitome of the duties of the officer and of the fitness of the candidate to fulfill such duties. Speeches of such a nature cannot but influence the votes of the members to a greater extent than a few words muttered as if the candidate was hardly worthy to be named. May we have more of them.

All Saints' Day a very creditable program was rendered. Messrs. Arnold and Ley delighted the audience with two well rendered selections. Resolved, that railroads should be government property, was the subject of a well fought debate. Messrs. Seroczynski and Sauer upheld the affirmative view, while the negative was ably defended by Messrs. Sailer and Burke. Neither side succeeded in scoring a victory, the judges' vote being equally divided.

Thirteen new names were added at the last meeting to the secretary's list. The report of the committee was also read and many new volumes will soon be placed upon the shelves of the library. At this meeting it was decided to render some time before the Christmas holidays the drama "Major John Andre." The rolls have been distributed and the cast of characters is one which insures a successful rendition.

MILITARY.—Earnest and effective drilling has been a most noteworthy characteristic of the month. Under the command of Captains Hoerdeman and Reichert considerable proficiency in the use of arms

has already been attained by both companies and the Major assures us that the envious reputation the organization has acquired in former years will be ably sustained this year. The new uniforms have already arrived and in them our soldiers present a very natty appearance. A squad, the famed B. C. G. has been reorganized and will be commanded by Major Kuenle; the officers' sword drill will be under the command of Adj. Travers.

Much of the organization's success is due, no doubt, to the many kindly words spoken by the Rev. Chaplain, Father Benedict.

St. B. L. S.—Increased enthusiasm characterizes each meeting of the society. Nov. 1st the society convened for the first time, and though extraordinarily late in reorganizing, it has commenced work with a will. Election of officers and admission of new members were the most important business transactions of the first meeting. The election resulted as follows: Pres. Frank J. Kuenle; Vice Pres. Julian Mayer; Sec. Wm. Hoerdeman; Treas. Wm. Laibe; Critic, George Heinrich; Marshal and Librarian, Henry Reichert, Ex. Com., Felix Thos. Seroczynski, Theodosius Brackman, Faustin Ersing.

Numerically the society very nearly exceeds the Columbians and has been very fortunate in obtaining such excellent German talent in its new members. Though last in reorganizing, the society will be the first in presenting a drama. *Die Blume von Sicilien* is the name of the play which the society has decided to render Dec. 8th. The play was dramatized by Father P. Trost a former pro-

fessor at St. Joseph's. Though presented in the college auditorium some years ago, few remain at the College who witnessed the first rendition, and thus it will have all the novelty of a new play. The programs already given augur well for the year's success. A series of frequent and short programs has been inaugurated and herein the society has displayed excellent foresight, which others would do well to imitate. F. T. S. '99.

RENSSELAER 22; ST. JOSEPH'S 0.

After six days of practice, the team essayed a game with the Rensselaer eleven, and came out second best. Our opponents played a hard, snappy game, using their beef with disastrous consequences to our backs and some parts of the line. Manly proved an excellent ground gainer for them; he was sent through tackle and end time and again for substantial advances. Capt. Marshall made repeated gains around the ends under interference that was quickly formed and well sustained. Their team, as a whole, is well acquainted with the rudiments of the game, though not so well informed on the rules. This last remark is also true of the umpire (referee in the second half), as was instanced when Saylers tried a goal from field on our 15 yd. line. The kick was blocked and downed on the 12 yd. line. Had a touchback resulted, the ball would have properly been put into play on the 25 yd. line; as no touchback resulted, it should have been put in play where downed. Referee Haw-

kins and Marshall insisted on the 25 yd. line, which was cheerfully granted by Capt. Travers.

Marshall won the toss-up, and chose the north goal. Hierholzer swung on the pigskin for a fine curtain raiser. Sayler caught the kick, and advanced 10 yds. Marshall and Manly found holes in the line for good gains. Then Rensselaer fumbled, and after the process of unpiling had been gone through Boeke was found on the ball. Snyder's jump into left and two foul tackles brought the ball to Rensselaer's 25 yd. line. Here we were held on downs, and the ball went over. During the next few moments Rensselaer's rushing almost annihilated our defence; Manly finally crossing the line for a touch-down, which Saylers easily converted into a goal. Before the half closed, two touch-downs were recorded, much the same tactics being employed. Both attempts at goal failed. Time called with the ball on our 30 yd. line. Score 14—0.

Prospects for a touch down were bright at the beginning of the second half. Marshall's kick-off was caught by Travers on the 15 yd. line. He dodged the forward rushers, and circled the whole opposing team save Marshall, who spoiled this chance of scoring by an excellent tackle on Rensselaer's 45 yd. line. Our eleven here made a plucky stand. Reichert and Steinbrunner did magnificent work in keeping the defence together, and when we had the ball he hit the line effectively. Twelve minutes after play started, Manly was shoved through the line for a touch down. During the remaining the ball was in our possession but once,

when Travers slid in between tackle and end for ten yds. and fumbled immediately after. Rensselaer then began a series of mass plays, which finally added four more points to their side of the score, Saylers try-at-goal hit the cross bar. Score 22-0. Hierholzer's kick-offs and Snyder's tackling are deserving of especial mention.

COLLEGE.		RENSSELAER.
Reichert	Center	Lakey
T. Pugman	Guard R.	Cain
E. Pugman	Guard L.	Kohler-Irwin
Werling	Tackle R.	Yeoman
Hurst	Tackle L.	Parcels
Laibe	End R.	Tucker
Hierholzer	End L.	Wright
Boeke	Q. Back	Rhodes
Snyder	Half Back R.	Marshall
Travers	Half Back L.	Manly
Steinbrunner	Full Back	Saylers

Referree, Morris; umpire, Hawkins; time-keepers, Wessel and Goff; linesmen, Reifers and J. Colling; substitutes for Rensselaer, J. Collins, Brinley, Irwin; touch downs, Manley 4 and Marshall 1; goal, Saylers.

CRYSTALS VS. TIGERS.

On Sunday the 14. the Crystals and Tigers lined up for their second game and again the Crystals carried off the palm of victory. The game was as follows. Capt. Morris won the toss and chose the south goal. Time is called and Horst raises the oval for 30 yds. Laibe gets

the ball and regains 10 yds. Uphaus the Tigers' center makes two bad passes, and they now try the line, but lose on downs. The Crystals make small gains, and the ball again changes hands on a fumble by Wessel. Tigers gain slowly. The ball is now given to Laibe for a fake kick, but he fumbles and Wessel drops on it. The Crystals now play hard and go through Tigers' line for large gains. They are now within 1 yd. of the Tiger's goal-line. The Tigers' play hard, but in the next rush Capt. Boeke touches the coveted pigskin behind the goal-line. Horst easily kicks goal. Score 5-0 in favor of Crystals. Time 15 min. The ball is again brought to center, amid cheers from the Crystal favorites. Hierholzer kicks 40 yds. to Boeke, who after running 25 yds. is downed by Bremerkamp. Boeke and Horst together gain 13 yds. through line. Wessel goes around left end for 25 yds., but is downed by Capt. Morris. Time is called as men line up.

SECOND HALF.

For the most part this half was less interesting. The Tigers now endeavored only to keep their heavy opponents from scoring and after great efforts they finally succeeded in doing so.

The only redeemable features were a 15 yd. run by Hierholzer, a 25 yd. run by Boeke which would have been another touch down had it not been for the clever tackle of Morris. Time was called with the ball on the Tigers' 15 yd. line.

The line up of the two teams was as follows:

Tigers		Crystals
Uphaus	Center Rush	Plas
Bremerkamp	Right Guard	Sudhoff
Wellman	Left Guard	Wills
Kalvelage	Right Tackle	Diemer
Horstman	Left Tackle	Daniels
Frey	Right End	Rohrkemper
Peelle	Left End	Seethaler
Morris (Capt.)	Quarter Back	Rumeley
Fralich	R. Half Back	Boeke (Capt.)
Hierholzer	L. Half Back	Wessel
Laibe	Full Back	Horst

Score, Crystals 6; Tigers 0. Touch down, Boeke. Goal kicked, Hurst. Referee, Travers. Umpire, Schneider. Linesmen, Steinbrunner and Reichert. Time, 20 minute halves.

EDWARD KIELY.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. M. Peelle of Indianapolis gladdened her sons, Robert and Maurice, of the minim department, by a visit. Their little sister Agnes had also come to see her brothers.

Master J. Hatfield received a welcome visit from his parents. His little brother did, of course, not stay at home when father and mother went to see Johnny.

The following clergymen have honored us with a visit during the month: Very Rev. Dean Dinnen and the Fathers, O. S. F., Lucas Gottbehoede and Bonaventura Hammer of Lafayette,

Ind. Father Kroll of Chesterton, Ind. Revs. J. Guendling; J. Kubacki; Chas. Romer; J. Berg; Lambert of Dunnington, Ind., and Father Schaeper from Michigan.

Our genial friend, M. Hanna, gave us a pleasant call. It seems that Mike's bodily development is keeping pace with his success in business. Mike has been offered the position of center rush on our representative team for '98.

Joseph Engesser, alias popular Joe, who graduated last year, is now employed as shipping-clerk in a wholesale house in Toledo. Success to you, Joe.

Chas. Crusey is now studying law at Sidney, O. Mr. Crusey is taking much interest in the affairs at College. He corresponds freely with his friends, who are pleased to learn that he is advancing well in the study of law.

Mr. A. H. Shenk of Delphos, was one of the first to renew his subscription to the Collegian for '98. Mr. Shenk successfully assists in building up his father's business.

Mr. Hemmersbach, our former teacher of music, is still at Vienna where he went to pursue his studies in music. Prof. Hemmersbach was a true artist before he left for Europe and when he returns next summer we shall have the pleasure to entertain one of the foremost musicians of the day.

Our local editor, Mr. Burke, '99, has been compelled to abandon his studies for one or two months an account of ill health. We hope our good friend will soon grow better under the care

of his father, Dr. Burke of California, Mo.

The teachers of the Rensselaer High School paid us a welcome visit. They expressed their appreciation of the high standard of the "Collegian." Many thanks.

Mr. Thomas McLoughlin is now postal clerk at Glynnwood, O. Thomas was always a great favorite at the College, and he has shown, by sending in his subscription to the Collegian, that he takes a lively interest in his comrades at Alma Mater.

LOCALS.

Some of the juniors inquire why our chemists are ever and anon speaking about OX-HIDES.

D. "How did you like pig-skin on the grid-iron?"—H. "I think there was still too much pork clinging to it."

A student requested to give a criticism on Southey's works, expressed everything in these words: "His name should be Eastey instead of Southey."

We regret that we cannot publish in this number an account of the lecture given by Rev. P. Meissner of Peru, Ind., on Thanksgiving day.

Upon the strength of the saying, "The apparel oft proclaims the man," some one has said that the St. Joseph's Collegian is on the gold basis.

Boxes and baskets labeled "Perishable" arrived galore before Thanksgiving day. It is fair

to surmise that the warning was not heeded by lovers of whatever appertains to our mundane sphere. Consult the obituary record for further information.

Prof. of Poetry: "Can you tell what foot this is?" Pupil: "It's no foot at all; it's a centimetre. (He was used to the Metric System.)"

G. (who had been disputing with V. for half an hour): "Can you play chess?"—G. "Yes."—V. "Then move."

D. (showing his sore arm to the doctor): "Could you not examine my arm by means of the X-rays?"—Dr. "Just wait one day, I shall get my new apparatus with which I can pierce an ox."

The Rensselaer foot-ball team has yet to meet its first defeat this fall. The Northwestern Indiana championship will be decided on Thanksgiving day near the College between Valparaiso and Rensselaer.

Who put the following notice in the astronomy class room? "Astronomers' Great Ethereal Show will pass this part of the country. Heralds are already going ahead to select suitable places. At our place tickets will be sold at Luna & Son's at the right hand side of the Milky Way."

The College corridors have echoed to wilder kinds of tintinnabulation during the past month than Poe ever dreamed of in his most inspired moments.

Cullen does not affect the gift of prophesy, but he affirms with reasonable certainty that sloppy weather will arrive in Indianapolis about

December 20th.

“Big Ned,” the past master “grubshifter” in these parts was heard shortly after his Thanksgiving dinner to exclaim with Gerontius: “Oh! this strange innermost abandonment.”

A CHASSONETTE.

Ye foot-ball laddie stoute of limbe
And very flush of haire.
Oh, who could be compared with hymme
Ye lusty foot-ball player!

Full oft the smote the solid line,
Nor cared he for renowne.
Save that when by some chance divyne
He scored a winning downe.

And danger! he was of ye clanne
That fears them not a specke
Till once he tackled the wrong manne
Who broke his blooming necke.

He might have lived to see ye Peffers
Grow down into his veste;
But now, alas! Letheian zephyrs
Blow o'er his noble breaste.

The feast of All Saints was celebrated in a solemn manner. At 8 o'clock A. M. there was solemn High-mass, at which Father Clement officiated as celebrant; Father Bonaventure, Father Maximilian, and Father Mark assisted as deacon, subdeacon, and master of ceremonies respectively. The choir sung the Missa de Cruce by Ign. Mitterer. Father Bonaventure explained in a few words the dignity and importance of the feast. Solemn Vespers were sung at 2 o'clock P. M. After the Vespers of the Dead, the Rev. celebrant, Father Clement, delivered the principal sermon. In glowing terms and a pathetic manner he painted before our eyes a scene picturing the pitiable condition of our suffering brethren in

Purgatory. His words made a deep and lasting impression on the heart of every listener. In the evening the students recited the rosary in a body, after which Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament concluded the solemnities of the day.

As hinted previously in these columns, a biography of the sometime president of the smoking club is writing. Unfortunately, while Maj. Kuenle was correcting a portion of this manuscript, a spark fell on it from the gallant Major's calumet and destroyed everything in the room, except Kuenle's mustache and wisdom teeth. The conflagration would have spread over the entire building but for the timely use of the cuspidores. Of course, the work has to be begun anew. To obviate all danger of the second book's destruction, we have decided to embalm it in the "amber of immortal poesy." Here is the introductory ode, dedicated to the Raleigh men of St. Joseph's, past, and to come:

Some there be whose Muse will sing
In gentle voice and lowly strain
Of Faith and Hope and Love—that thing
Which sways alike both prince and swain.

Mine be a task, nobler, divine:
To mount Parnassus by other tracks,
To paint with burning word and glowing line
The subtle charms of battle-axe.

"At pius Aeneas per noctem plurima volvens—;" "But pious Aeneas rolling much about during night—." O Jupiter omnipotens!

Say, Cyril, what's the reason that the wastebasket in the study-hall remains almost entirely empty since the last fort-night?—Oh, you know, the editor put up the joke box near it; that's all.

October the 22nd, the feast of St. Cecilia, was worthily commemorated at the College by the celebration of high-mass. Since the department of vocal music has been under the able direction of Father Justin, the choir has acquitted itself of its task with fine effect on every occasion; but judging from their performance, it would seem that on this day the singers had received a special inspiration from the patroness of sacred music.

Father Clement has taken charge of the chemistry class. It is being contemplated to set apart outside of the regular class-hours one hour every week for experimenting.

Father Mark is at present teaching the class of geology. He has promised us a lecture on the subject in the near future, to which we look forward with genuine pleasure. The class evinces a more than ordinary interest for this study, so well calculated to cultivate the power of observation and awaken in us a love and appreciation of nature.

Owing to the cloudy atmosphere on the morning of November 14th, the members of Father Benedict's astronomy class were deprived of those superb pleasures which they had promised themselves on beholding the meteors, which for some time past had been dashing through their brains.

This year's Thanksgiving day will be ever thought of with pleasure, for there never was a more enjoyable and enthusiastic celebration at the College. An account of the several pro-

grams and of the banquet will appear in our next number.

Rensselaer's foot-ball team won the Northwestern Indiana championship in a fine game played with Valparaiso on Thanksgiving day. Score 16:6.

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes and have not fallen below 90 per cent in conduct and application, during the month of October, appear in the first column.

The second column contains the names of those that have reached an average of 84 per cent in all their classes with at least 84 per cent in conduct and application.

90 per cent or above:

J. Boeke, Th. Brackmann, D. Brackmann, U. Frenzer, S. Hartmann, J. Hemsteger, G. Heinrich, L. Hoch, L. Huber, Z. Jaeckle, P. Kanney, J. Kohne, S. Kremer, L. Linz, C. Mohr, R. Monin, D. Neuschwanger, H. Reichert, E. Rumely, M. Schmitter, V. Schuette, A. Schuette, H. Seiferle, J. Seitz, P. Staiert, Th. Travers.

84 per cent or above:

W. Arnold, P. Biegel, F. Boeke, E. Cullen, L. Dabbelt, Ch. Daniel, E. Deininger, G. Didier, C. Diemer, H. Fehrenbach, E. Flaig, E. Hefeale, Ch. Hemsteger, B. Holler, O. Holtschneider, W. Horde-
mann, H. Jaeger, M. Koester, T. Kremer, V. Krull, C. Kuhn, H. Lueke, J. Meyer, C. Mueller, J. Mutch, H. Plas, J. Rapp, H. Reid, J. Reifers, Ch. Rohrkemper, P. Sailer, Th. Saurer, E. Schneider, F. Seroczynski, G. Sudhoff, F. Theobald, Ch. Uphaus, L. Walther, E. Werling.

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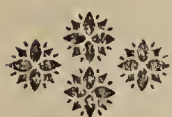


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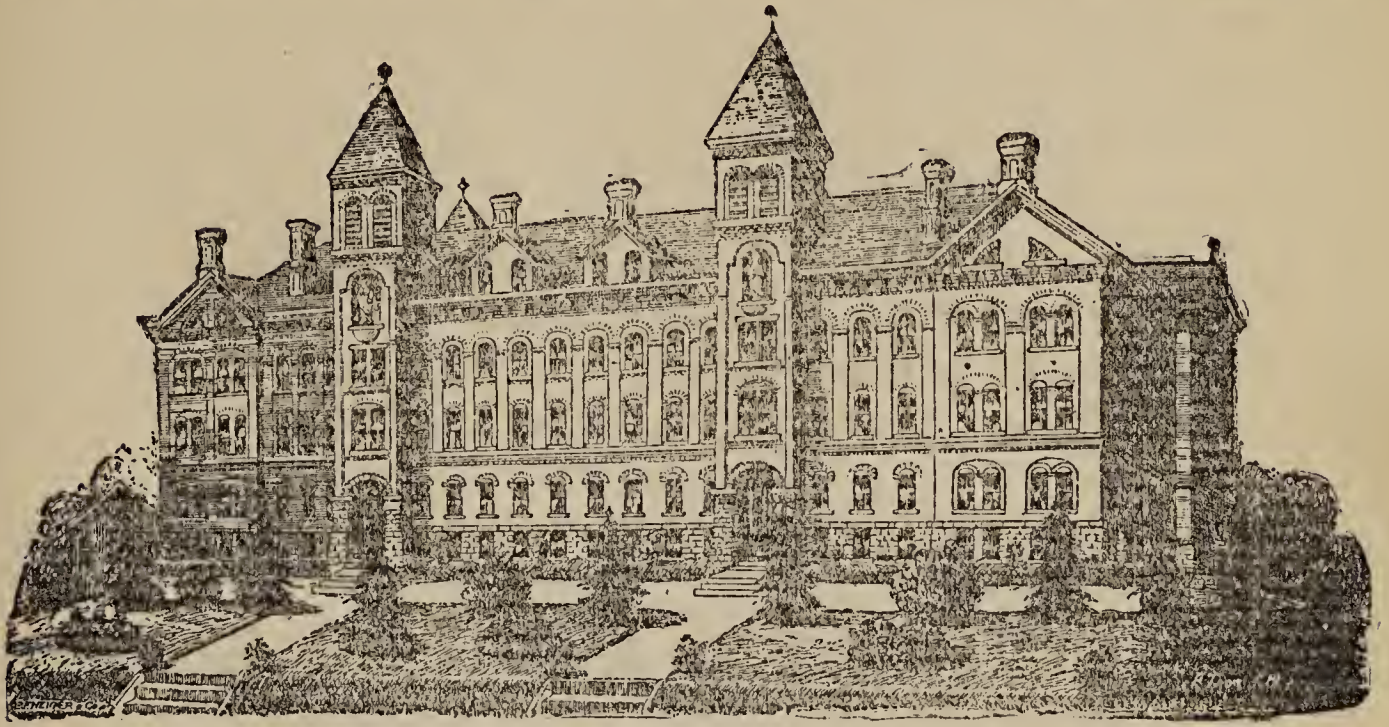
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